

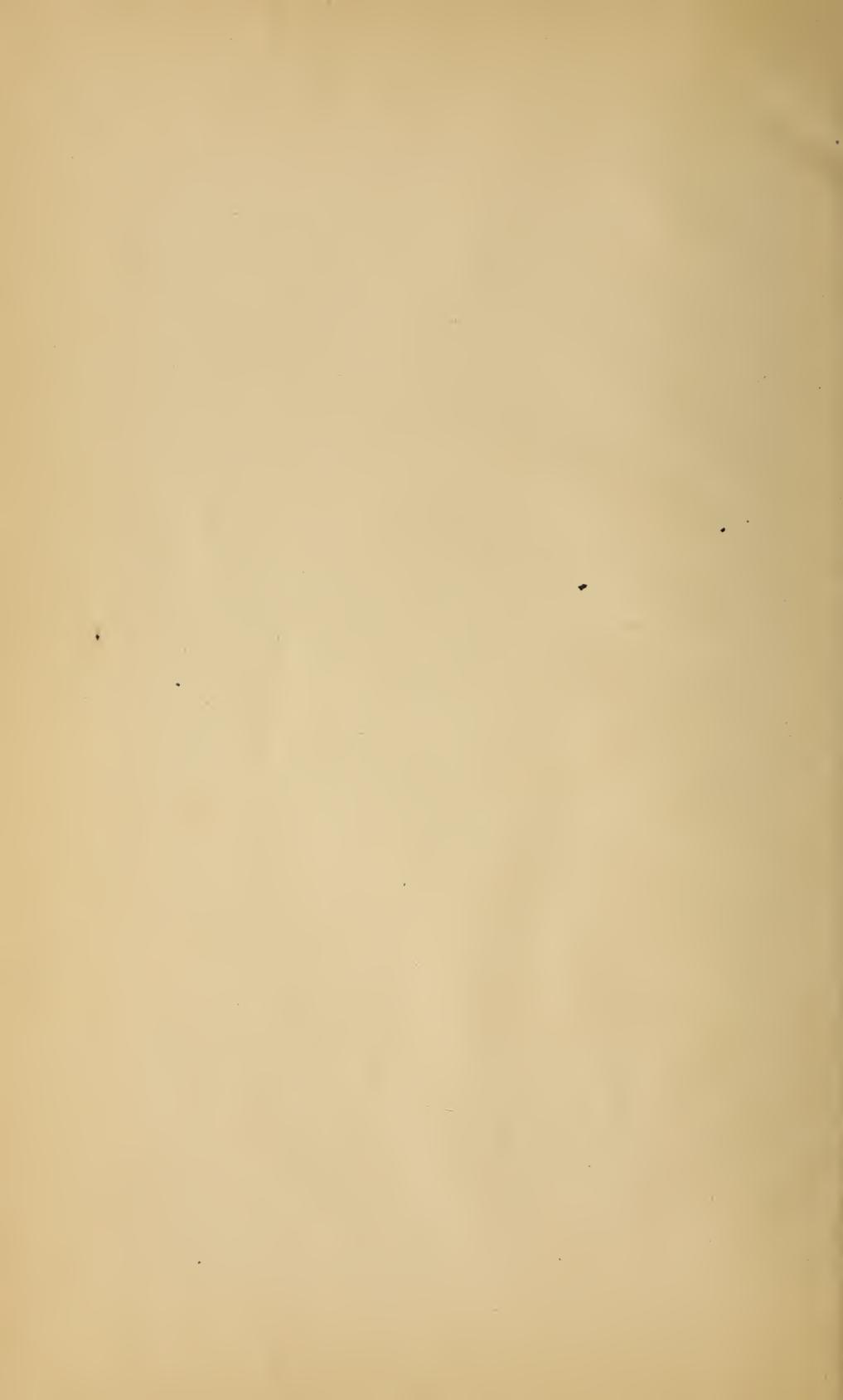
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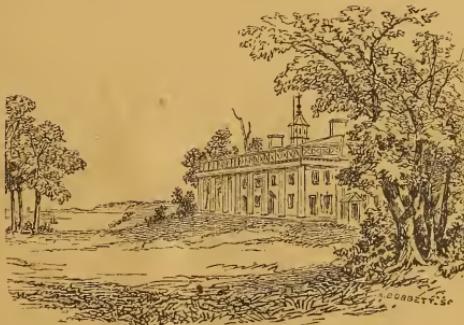
OF THE

PUTNAM PHALANX

TO

MOUNT VERNON,

DECEMBER, 1860.



HARTFORD, CONN.

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES G. GEER,
STATIONER AND BOOKSELLER.

1861.

CASE, LOCKWOOD AND COMPANY PRINTERS.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Compiled chiefly from the complete and graphic report made by A. N. CLARK, Esq., of the Hartford Courant, who accompanied the Phalanx on its excursion to Mount Vernon, as an Honorary Member.

State of Connecticut.

HEAD-QUARTERS PUTNAM PHALANX,
HARTFORD, Nov. 5, 1860.

[BATTALION ORDERS, NO. 6.]

I. This battalion will parade fully uniformed, armed and equipped, on Monday, December 3d, 1860, for an Excursion to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Mount Vernon.

II. Members are directed to assemble at their Armory, (Union Hall,) precisely at six o'clock, A. M.

III. Battalion line will be formed on Main street, right in front of State House, at seven o'clock, A. M.

IV. The Field Music, and non-commissioned Staff will report to the Adjutant fifteen minutes before formation.

V. Commissioned Staff will report to the Major, at his quarters, No. 289 Main street, at six and one-half o'clock precisely.

VI. Each member will provide himself with at least three extra ruffles, three pair white gloves, and an extra supply of under-clothing.

VII. The Quarter-Master's department will provide the necessary means for the transportation of the baggage. All baggage must be delivered to the Quarter-Master, at the Armory, as early as five and one-half o'clock A. M., on Monday. The Quarter-Master's department will be responsible for the safety of all baggage intrusted to its care, but it will not be required to receive any package unless it is plainly and accurately marked with the owner's name and the name of the corps.

VIII. Commanders of Companies are required to see that each package of their men's baggage is marked in the described manner, and delivered punctually at the Armory.

IX. Each soldier will have his fatigue cap attached to the button of the coat over the left hip.

X. Members can obtain tickets of the paymaster, Lieutenant James B. Crosby, at his office, 146 Main street, on and after Monday, the 26th inst. By order of

MAJOR HORACE GOODWIN.

J. D. WILLIAMS, ADJUTANT.

State of Connecticut.

HEAD-QUARTERS BATTALION PUTNAM PHALANX,
HARTFORD, December 3d, 1860.

[GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2.]

The Putnam Phalanx is about to visit MOUNT VERNON. A Battalion organized in memory of one of the first Major-Generals of the army of the United States, will journey to the tomb of the first Commander-in-Chief of that army. A company of citizen soldiers will tread amid scenes consecrated both by the life and the death of Him, who was at once the most eminent citizen, and the most distinguished soldier of his day. A band of Americans will offer their tribute of deep reverence and respect at the shrine where rest the remains of their greatest countrymen.

Let then, the conduct of every member of this Battalion indicate, that he approaches the sacred spot, with such emotions as a scene so impressive ought rightly to inspire.

Throughout the whole excursion, also, and in whatever circumstances the Battalion may be placed, it is expected and believed, that each member will take especial care to conform himself strictly to the observance of orders, and to display that good discipline without which the entire object of its organization would be defeated.

Details for the particular duties of each day will be announced in further orders, and it is especially enjoined upon the several officers receiving the same, that they be forthwith transmitted to their respective commands.

Captains Stillman and Gordon will promulgate these orders.

By order of

MAJOR HORACE GOODWIN.

J. D. WILLIAMS, ADJUTANT.

VISIT OF THE PUTNAM PHALANX,
TO THE
Tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon,
DECEMBER, 1860.

THAT splendid Battalion, the Putnam Phalanx, a company in which Hartford and Connecticut should feel an enthusiastic pride, left Hartford on Monday morning, Dec. 3d, on a visit to the Tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon.

MUSTER ROLL *of the members who paraded December 3d, 1860, pursuant to Battalion orders No. 6, for the excursion to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Mount Vernon.*

HORACE GOODWIN, Major.

STAFF.

J. D. Williams, *Adjutant*; Eugene B. Strong, *Quarter-Master*; I. William Stuart, *Judge Advocate*; Charles C. Waite, *Commissary*; Asher Moore, *Chaplain*; Thomas Minor, *Surgeon*; David P. Francis, *Assistant Surgeon*; William Isham, *Sergeant Major*; Oliver Ellsworth, *Quarter-Master Sergeant*.

FIRST COMPANY.

Allyn S. Stillman, *Captain*; James B. Shultas, *1st Lieut*; Charles C. Burt, *2d Lieut*; *Ensign*, vacant; George W. Hayden, *1st Serg't*; Seth E. Marsh, *2d Serg't*; Edmund Hurlburt, *3d Serg't*; Horace S. Larkum, *4th Serg't*; Lyman M. Bacon, *1st Corp'l*; H. L. Brown, *2d Corp'l*; George Marsh, *3d Corp'l*; Everett Wilcox, *4th Corp'l*.

PRIVATE.

Albert Barrows, Lucius M. Beaumont, Charles Bassett, William H. Bradley, Thomas Beach, Henry Bolles, Edwin Cornish, Allen E. Clapp, William Cogswell, Moses Cook, H. D. Downing, Horace Ensworth,

B. C. English, Joseph T. Gorton, Thomas Gates, John L. Gross, Charles Howlett, Daniel L. Hayden, Samuel Hubbard, Chester Hebard, H. K. Hale, James Lockwood, John H. Most, E. J. Main, P. S. Newton, Royal T. Pratt, Charles Parsons, D. B. Phelps, A. P. Pitkin, Horatio Root, Henry B. Rhodes, Timothy Sheldon, Lucius L. Sperry, Francis Swan, Richard Tucker, Horace D. Tarbell, Sidney A. White, Horace Waters, Ezekiel Webster.

Jabez Sears, *Standard Bearer.*

COLOR GUARD.

Henry Boardman, Frederick P. Coe, William C. Higley, Joseph Pratt, Charles C. Stetson, Walter Fox.

SECOND COMPANY.

Alexander M. Gordon, *Captain*; Oliver D. Seymour, *1st Lieut.*; James H. Ashmead, *2d Lieut.*; William J. Denslow, *Ensign*; James M. Greenleaf, *1st Serg't*; Nelson G. Hinckley, *2d Serg't*; Joseph H. Williams, *3d Serg't*; Timothy C. Allyn, *4th Serg't*; John T. Fenn, *1st Corp'l*; Elisha Smith, *2d Corp'l*; Henry D. Hastings, *3d Corp'l*; John S. Hussey, *4th Corp'l*.

PRIVATES.

Charles Bidwell, Chester G. Birge, W. F. J. Boardman, Albert L. Cooley, Caleb Clapp, William R. Chapman, Stephen D. Crane, A. L. Cady, D. C. Cornish, Joseph Davis, George H. Eaton, George F. Everts, Leonard Goddard, Charles G. Geer, Joel B. Green, Charles H. Goodman, Henry A. Gay, Lucius H. Holt, Francis Keeney, William H. Kelsey, Henry Kennedy, Frederick P. Lepard, Francis McLean, E. Overand, R. R. Phelps, Julius F. Phelps, Charles Phelps, John G. Root, Nehemiah Rice, William S. Ramsey, J. G. Rathbun, Giles Stillman, Oswyn Welles, J. K. Wheeler, William J. Whipple, Wm. P. Wheeler, William F. Whittlesey, H. L. Whiting, L. J. Young.

Edward Norton, *Band Major.*

MUSIC.

Royal Andrews, Hollis T. Chapin, Abel Driggs, William Griswold, Cyrus Goodell, Nathan L. Robinson, L. C. Minor, Robert Moseley, William Price, James Stone, Ira Thrall, S. G. Wilcox.

CAMP ATTENDANTS.

Henry Hector, J. L. Cambridge, James T. Ross.

MUSTER ROLL of members of the Phalanx who paraded in uniform on Saturday, the 8th inst., to receive the Battalion on their return from the excursion to Washington and Mount Vernon.

Timothy M. Allyn, *Captain*; Allyn Goodwin, *1st Lieut.*; Henry C. Deming, *2d Lieut.*; Samuel Alexander, *1st Serg't*; Horace Billings, *2d Serg't*; Robert L. McCristy, *3d Serg't*; Gaylord Dowd, *4th Serg't*; George G. Sill, *1st Corp'l*; H. W. Wright, *2d Corp'l*; R. R. White, *3d Corp'l*; J. M. Farnham, *4th Corp'l*.

PRIVATE.

John C. Bartlett, Alonzo W. Birge, John H. Brainard, S. S. Bolles, E. W. Clark, Walter P. Chamberlin, John L. Cook, Wm. M. Charter, William H. Dobie, Irad Edwards, D. G. Francis, John I. Farwell, F. L. Gleason, C. W. Harris, Hawley Kellogg, M. Lord, Charles T. Martin, Benning Mann, L. F. Parish, Guy R. Phelps, L. K. Parsons, Oliver Parish, J. M. Riggs, John T. Roberts, Mason Smith, J. H. Sharp, Alvin Squires, J. M. Sexton, John K. Southmayd, William Tuller, E. B. Thomas, E. D. Tiffany, George C. Washburn, V. W. Whiting, William Woodward, George L. Way, John Lyman Wilder.

The Phalanx started under favorable auspices, with a clear sky and weather fitting the occasion. A large number of their fellow-citizens assembled at the depot and gave them a parting cheer, and kind wishes for a prosperous journey. The train left Hartford at 8:25, but owing to its great length it experienced a delay of nearly three hours in reaching New York. On arriving in that city the Phalanx were tendered an escort by a section of the Third Company Washington Continentals, Capt. Wm. Rainer. At three and a half o'clock the Phalanx took up their line of march, passing through the Fifth Avenue, down to Union Square, passing round the monument of General Washington, thence down Broadway to the Astor House, arriving there at 4:15, where the Battalion dined. The Phalanx, as they marched through Broadway, created much sensation, and a great throng were there to see, admire, and compliment. Broadway was never in better condition for marching, and the efficient police force kept the most perfect order.

At 6 P. M. the Phalanx left New York for Philadelphia, arriving at 10:15. They were received at Walnut street by a committee of Minute Men, under command of Major Berry, and escorted to their quarters at the Girard House. Chestnut street was lined with spectators, who manifested much enthusiasm, and loudly expressed their satisfaction at the splendid appearance of the Phalanx. At the Girard House there was a brilliant array of military officers, among whom were Major General

Patterson and Staff; Brigadier General Cadwalader and Staff; Col. Patterson and Staff; and all the officers of the First Brigade.

His Honor, Mayor Henry, welcomed the Phalanx, in a most happy and eloquent manner :

They had come to Philadelphia, he said, with their good repute long preceding them, and their visit was calculated to promote a generous rivalry among the soldiery of that city. They had been received by a corps organized for a purpose like their own, and which wore a similar uniform. The memory of their patriot chief was remembered by every schoolboy. The Mayor then paid a high compliment to General Putnam, and said that he was possessed of rare sagacity, self-devotion, and noble integrity. He had been in command of Philadelphia during the Revolution, for which the city was grateful. He it was "who dared to lead where any dared to follow." The pilgrimage of the corps to the tomb of Washington was referred to in fitting terms, and in this connection our present troubles were spoken of, and the hope expressed that all our difficulties would be settled. "Would that to-day there might appear a Putnam," said the Mayor, "to drag forth and hold up to detestation and scorn the wolves in human garb, whether on Northern hills or Southern plains, who have, year after year, prowled around the body politic until at last they have torn its vitals."

Judge Advocate Stuart, of the Phalanx, replied as follows :

Your Honor, Mayor Henry :—For the kind and courteous welcome you have extended, and for the fact, as you announce, that a military organization similar to our own, the Philadelphia "Minute Men of '76," will act the part of host to us while we are in your city, the members of the Putnam Phalanx return to you their hearty thanks. We take great pleasure, let me assure you, Sir, in visiting your city, not only on account of the proverbial intelligence, hospitality, and good repute of the people over whom you have the honor to preside, but because also of the character of your municipality as one of the oldest and most conspicuously settled in our country, and as holding memorials, and embracing events, which are of world-wide fame and of transcendent significance.

Here it was—we can not but now recall the momentous fact—here in that ever memorable Hall, your own, in which the old Continental Congress habitually assembled, that, on the sixth of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee moved, and John Adams seconded, and fifty illustrious patriots passed, that immortal Resolution, which, on the fourth day of July succeeding, embodied and embalmed in a Declaration of thrilling import, "revealed the soul of our beloved country when in its youth, its enthusiasm, and its sublime confronting of danger, it rose to the highest creative acts of which the soul of man is capable," and announced to a wondering world the birth of American Independence. The old bell which first pealed forth that Declaration to the world, which first intoned the air above us with the exultant music of a new-born freedom, is here in your own city custody—side by side, we understand, with a portrait of the illustrious Washington, and side by side also, this Phalanx hears with pride, with a bell-yoke, of nature's own fashioning, from the immortal Charter Oak of old Connecticut. Fitting conjunction indeed, Mr. Mayor, happy union of assimilated emblems! The Oak from our own loved Tree of Liberty, typifying that first eventful struggle, which, one hundred and seventy-two years ago, convulsing both Old England and the New, added to both fresh laurels of freedom; and the Bell symbolizing that other and greater revolution, which, near a century later, gave to the republican sovereignty of the New World glorious self-rule and a gigantic continent!

Nor are these the only memorable associations of a revolutionary character which your city suggests to us as military strangers. We recall also with pride the fact, that far back as 1773, in that great incipient struggle against tea as the vehicle of an unconstitutional tax, when New England, and Boston

particularly, were looking around, down especially to the Middle and Southern Colonies, for sympathy and encouragement in a contest which foreboded nothing but gloom and disaster, then it was that Philadelphia, in a spirit of patriotism which reflects the highest credit upon her citizens, and which sent thrills of uncontrollable joy through the heart of all New England, came forward and made the cause of Boston emphatically her own. In words which echoed with deep and thrilling import over a continent, in words whose familiarity will never impair their force, she proclaimed, at a crowded public assemblage, that the disposal of their own property was "the sacred and inherited right of American freemen"; that the tax on tea had "a direct tendency to render assemblies useless, and to introduce arbitrary government and tyranny"; that "a virtuous and steady resistance to this tax" was "absolutely necessary to preserve even the shadow of freedom," and that every and any one aiding in the reception of tea was an "enemy to his country."

Sir, we of New England remember these glorious and vital words of encouragement from your patriotic city.

And we remember also, Mr. Mayor, that Philadelphia, and the State of which Philadelphia was then the proud capital, when resistance to this tax on tea came to be tested on the battle-fields of the Union, acted fully and fearlessly up to the noble resolutions to which I have just referred. Philadelphia it then was, that, sending out its own distinguished patriots and orators into every part of your State, overpowered the potent counsellings of your then Proprietary Government, inoculated your people everywhere with an ardent spirit of patriotism, and "wheeled all Pennsylvania into the line of opposition States."

Your city, Mr. Mayor, suggests countless valuable memories more. The hour is late, however, and I have no time to refer to them specially. You have yourself recalled one which is especially grateful to the members of our battalion, and we are happy indeed to find it grateful to you. It involves the fact that the noble old hero whose name our Phalanx proudly bears, was once here in charge of your own city. Yes, Mr. Mayor, this is so; and he displayed during his command here, which was in the latter portion of the year 1776, a zeal and industry that were almost unparalleled; but during the whole time he was nobly supported by your own patriot soldiery and citizens; and it was to their effective co-operation that he was very much indebted for his success while here, in conciliating contending interests, inspiriting effort, and putting your city throughout in a noble posture of defence.

Doubt it not then, Mr. Mayor, that with memories so rich, and varied, and patriotic, as those possessed by your City and State, which involve facts of history so striking and so fruitful, and connect themselves so indissolubly not only with Pennsylvania, but with the State also from which we come, and with all the States, doubt it not but that we of this Phalanx take especial pleasure, as I have already suggested, in visiting you, and in marching over the soil which your own brave ancestry have so hallowed.

In all the great names which adorn your revolutionary history, we feel, with you, a deep interest, and a well justified pride. Your Franklin, who breathed out wisdom that intoned a continent; your Morris, whose masterly finance shored up the revolution; your Dickinson, and Reed, and Rush, and Rittenhouse, and Cadwallader, and Thompson, who devoted minds that were superior, and souls that were loftily patriotic, to the mighty work of American emancipation; your President, Joseph Reed, whose signal response to the King of England's bribing overture for his services of exalted office and ten thousand pounds sterling, will be immortally remembered—that he was not "worth the purchasing," but that such as he was the King of England was not "rich enough to do it"—God rest his noble soul—your "mad" Anthony Wayne, as he was familiarly called, in commemoration of the irrepressible vehemency of his patriotism, and of his constitutional attachment to the decision of the sword, and to making that decision in the very center of the enemy, as he did, Mr. Mayor, when at midnight, with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets he made his triumphant assault upon Stoney Point—all these, and numerous others, the sons of your City and State, who in the "times that tried men's souls," devoted themselves with ardor, with intrepidity, with glori-

ous self-sacrifice to the sacred cause of freedom, are all remembered and revered by us, and add deepest interest to our present visit to your city.

And now, Mr. Mayor, with a renewal of thanks to you for your courteous and eloquent welcome, with the hope, with you, that every cloud which now lowers over our political sky may be speedily dispelled, and with the proud consciousness that we stand within a city of grand revolutionary reminiscences, we pass to partake of the hospitality which awaits us within this inviting hotel.

The Phalanx were delighted with their reception, and with their fine quarters at the Girard House. Never was a company better entertained, or received, than were the Phalanx at Philadelphia. The weather was so fine on Monday, that the Phalanx were astonished to find, on Tuesday morning, snow rapidly falling, with every appearance of decidedly winter weather. Everything had thus far passed so agreeably, that instead of dampening the spirits of the men, it rather braced them up to meet, in a true soldierly spirit, any unforeseen circumstance that might occur. When called upon at 10 A. M. to parade, every man was at his post. The Minute Men of '76, with Continental uniforms, (a very fine company of soldiers,) in full dress, under command of Major Berry, appeared to escort the Phalanx to the depot. Gen. Cadwallader, surrounded by his Staff, reviewed the Phalanx as they passed his residence, as did also Major General Patterson and Staff. On arriving at the Baltimore depot, there was a delightful interchange of good will, accompanied with many pleasing incidents. Mr. Stuart expressed the grateful feelings of the Phalanx for their treatment in Philadelphia, in the following speech:

Major Berry, and Officers and Soldiers of his Command:—For the kind attention which the Putnam Phalanx has received at your hands, and for the efficient services of the admirable Police of your city, we desire to return, now, upon the eve of departure, our most sincere and heartfelt thanks. The attention, Major Berry, from yourself and your command, is the more appreciated by us as coming from an organization which, like our own, has been established for the purpose of renewing and strengthening the memories of the American Revolution; and which, under the startlingly suggestive appellation of the "Minute Men of '76," recalls at once all the patriotic promptitude and martial vigor of those immortal men who wrought out the liberties of our beloved country.

Let me assure you, gentlemen, that we rejoice in having had the opportunity of visiting a city which is so full of glorious revolutionary memories as Philadelphia, and in having been received and welcomed by an association which so stimulates and freshens these memories as does your own.

It is a noble task, in our view, that which both you and we, in our military organizations, have imposed upon ourselves. It is a *mission*, in fact—a mission of regeneration, wherever our influence may extend, to the heart of our country—a fresh outpouring, through ourselves as channels, from the unadulterated cup of Revolutionary patriotism. It is a rousing up of the mind of the country to contemplate anew the stern integrity, the loving philanthropic impulses, the lofty aims, the inflexible resolution, the tireless energies and the undying courage of men who labored, not for themselves alone, but also for the grand liberties and golden happiness of a young, growing, and now gigantic nation.

And when we think, Sir, of the cheering results which have already followed upon your own establishment as Continental Soldiery, and upon a similar establishment of the Amoskeag Veterans in New Hampshire, and of our own Phalanx in Connecticut, and recall the excursions made by these last two mentioned battalions within a few years past, recall the admiring gaze and profound

respect with which they were everywhere greeted, we rejoice and thank God that their organizations and your own have been perfected. We feel and know from experience like this, that the great American heart, in its innermost depths, unsoiled by selfish thoughts, unreached by party differences, ungalled by the arrows of political strife, and inaccessible save only to those exalted emotions which a genuine love of country inspires, beats, and will continue to beat, ever purely, in a chaste, exultant love for that Union which our Fathers so nobly founded, so nursed with all their worldly treasure, and so cemented with their blood—that Union, which, let us all pray God, may be perpetuated, with power, and in glory, to tone evermore our whole gigantic continent with the alleluias of the Free, and with their echoes to fill the world.

And now, Major Berry, taking you by the hand, [here the speaker suited the action to the word] and with this grasp uniting the hands, and I trust also the hearts, of our two associations, I tender you, in behalf of the Phalanx which I have the honor to represent, a cordial, fraternal, Revolutionary adieu.

To this speech Capt. Fritz of the National Greys of Philadelphia responded in a few happy and well-timed remarks, commending highly the appearance of the Phalanx, expressing the pleasure their visit had given, and inviting them to pause again in Philadelphia upon their return to Mount Vernon.

A large crowd assembled at the Girard, drawn together by the fame of the Phalanx, and a desire to witness their parade. At the Baltimore depot there was another immense throng to witness the departure for Baltimore at 12 o'clock—noon. The Minute Men of '76, as the train moved off, gave three times three and a tiger, and the Band played "Auld Lang Syne." The Phalanx returned the cheers with a hearty good will.

Snow continued to fall until about 2 P. M., when the skies brightened, and soon the bright sun appeared to gladden the hearts of all.

CHAPTER II.

THE Phalanx arrived at Baltimore at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. As the train entered Baltimore a national salute was fired on the heights at Canton, by a section of the Eagle Artillery. The Phalanx were received by the Battalion Baltimore City Guard, a splendid company, and escorted through several streets to the old Universalist Church, where the reception speeches were made. Along the line of march, the streets were thronged with people, and the windows of the houses crowded with ladies. The church was crowded to listen to the speeches of welcome. Mayor Brown, after having been introduced to the officers of the Phalanx, delivered the following address, many parts of which called forth great applause :

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen:— In the name and on behalf of the people of Baltimore, I extend to the Putnam Phalanx a sincere and hearty welcome

to the hospitalities of our city. The citizens of Baltimore are always glad to receive visitors from the citizen soldiers of sister States, because they come as friends, and more than friends, as defenders of a common country.

These sister States as we love to call them, live somewhat far apart, and gradually become more and more separated by distance, just as sisters will be, as the children marry and one by one leave the parent homestead. And so it has come to pass, that while the older members of the family, such as Connecticut, the Carolinas and Maryland, still cling to the dear old homes which they occupied when the family consisted of but thirteen, the younger sisters, now that it has grown to thirty-three, have wandered off and found pleasant residences for themselves in the distant West, and two even on the far-off Pacific Coast.

But, gentlemen, far or near, on the Connecticut or Potomac, on the Gulf of Mexico or the great Lakes, on the Atlantic or Pacific, they are sisters still, united by blood and affection, and the holy ties should never be severed.

Let me carry the figure a step further, and add what I know will meet with a response from the Putnam Phalanx, with whose history and high character I am somewhat acquainted, that a sisterhood of States, like separate families of sisters, living in the same neighborhood, can never dwell together in peace unless each is permitted to manage her own domestic affairs in her own way; not only without active interference from the rest, but even without much fault-finding or advice, however well-intended it may be.

Maryland has sometimes been called the Heart State, because she lies very close to the great Heart of the Union; and she might also be called the Heart State, because her heart beats with true and warm love for the Union. Nor, as I trust, does Connecticut fall short of her in this respect. And when the questions now before the country come to be fairly understood, and the people look into them with their own eyes, and take matters into their own hands, I believe that we shall see a sight of which politicians, North and South, little dream. We shall see whether there is a love for the Union or not.

But there are great National questions agitating the land which must now be finally settled. One is, Will the States of the North keep on their statute books laws which violate a right of the States of the South, guaranteed to them by the constitution of the United States? No individuals, no families, no States can live in peace together when any right of a part is persistently and deliberately violated by the rest. Another question is,—What shall be done with the National territory—shall it belong exclusively to the North or the South, or shall it not be shared by both, as it was gained by the blood and treasure of both? Is there not wisdom and patriotism enough in the land to settle these questions?

Gentlemen, your presence here to day proves that you are animated by a higher and larger sentiment than that of State pride—the sentiment of American nationality. The most sacred spot in America is the tomb of Washington, and to that shrine you are about to make a pilgrimage. You come from a State celebrated above all others for the most extensive diffusion of the great blessing of education, which has a colonial and revolutionary history abounding in honorable memorials, which has heretofore done her full share in founding the institutions of this country—the land of Washington—and which can now do as much as any other in preserving that land one and undivided, as it was left by the Father of his Country. I will not permit myself to doubt that your State and our State, that Connecticut and Maryland, will both be on the same side, as they have often been in times past, and that they will both respect and obey and uphold the sacred constitution of the country.

At the close of Mayor Brown's remarks, Major Horace Goodwin rose, and immediately the most rapturous applause commenced, which ended with many cheers. As soon as the applause had subsided, Judge Advocate Stuart was introduced by Major Goodwin. He spoke as follows:

*Your Honor, Mayor Brown:—*For your kind words of welcome, and for your

patriotic sentiments in favor of the Union, the Putnam Phalanx returns you its most cordial thanks. I can assure you, sir, that when you spoke in such eloquent terms of the value and importance of a united country, you but echoed the sentiments of the whole of our organization ; and let me say, it is with great pleasure upon a journey, as we are, to the tomb of the illustrious Washington, that we pause for awhile within a city so famed for its intelligence, its industry, its generous opulence, and its courtesy, as is this your own beautiful Baltimore.

We opine—nay we know from what you have yourself, in such fitting terms, just expressed—that you heartily appreciate the purpose which lies at the foundation of our organization—that purpose being the lofty one of commemorating, by our military attire and discipline, the imposing foundation period of the American Republic, of attracting our own patriotic feeling, and that of all who may honor us with their observation, to the exalted virtues of those heroic men who laid the foundation of our present national prosperity and glory—men of whom your city and State furnished, as it pleasantly happens, a large and most honorable share.

We come, sir, from that portion of the United States in which the momentous struggle for American freedom took its rise, and where the blood of its earliest martyrs was shed ; from the region where odious writs of assistance, infamous courts of admiralty, intolerable taxation, immolated charters of government, and prohibited commerce, were once fast paving the way for the slavery of an industrious, happy, and God-fearing people—from the region, sir, of Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill, and Groton Heights, of ravaged New London, and fired Fairfield and Norwalk, and devastated Danbury, and sacked New Haven. And we come, Mr. Mayor, to a city and State, we are proudly aware, which to all these trials and perils of assaulted New England, and to the trials and perils of our whole common country during “the times that tried men’s souls,” gave ever the meed of its heartfelt sympathy, and the unstinted tribute of its patriotic blood and treasure ; which, with a full and clear comprehension of all the great principles of American freedom and a devotion to those principles that was ever ardent and exalted, signalized themselves by their wisdom in council, and their prowess on the field.

When the devoted metropolis of New Eugland began to feel the awful scourge of the Port Bill, Maryland it was that then contributed most liberal supplies for its suffering people, and with these supplies those cheering, ever to be remembered, talismanic words, “the Supreme Director of all events will terminate this severe trial of your patriotism in the happy confirmation of American freedom.”

When this same Metropolis, soon after, became the seat of war, Maryland it was that at once sent to the camp around Boston her own companies of dauntless riflemen under her brave Michael Cresap and the gallant Price, to mingle in the defence of New England firesides and New England homes. She saw and felt, and bravely uttered at the time the fact, that in the then existing state of public affairs, there was no alternative left for her, or for the country at large, but “base submission or manly resistance ;” and, Mr. Mayor, at the memorable battle of Long Island she made “this manly resistance”—for there she poured out the life-blood of no less than two hundred and fifty-nine of her gallant sons, who fought in her own Smallwood’s immortal regiment ; and elsewhere, from the St. Lawrence to the banks of the Savannah, through Pennsylvania, Virginia, and both the Carolinas, devoted the best blood within her borders, and the flower of her soldiery, to the battle-fields of the Union.

Sir, we of this Phalanx recall these and other revolutionary memories belonging to your city and State with pride and satisfaction. They unite Connecticut and Maryland in strong and pleasant bonds. And we are highly gratified to be here in the midst of you, and to receive at your hands so grateful a welcome as that which you have extended.

Be assured, Mr. Mayor, that in the sentiments of devotion to our common country, which you so eloquently express, this Phalanx sympathizes heart and soul ; you may plant the flag of the Union, *anywhere* and we shall warm to it.

And, now, renewedly thanking you for the present manifestations of courtesy, we shall leave to enjoy the hospitality which awaits us in pleasant quarters at our hotel.

Mr. Stuart was frequently interrupted by applause.

Major Robert C. Barrey, on the part of the City Guard, then spoke as follows :

Soldiers : Our honored Mayor has bid you welcome to this our much loved city. In behalf of the City Guard, your escort, I greet you with a soldier's welcome. The fair forms wreathed in garlands of grace and loveliness that overhang these galleries and crowd this space, likewise salute you. Welcome, thrice welcome, brother soldiers ! We applaud and approve the occasion of your visit, for you come with pride of country and love of country glowing in your hearts, as pilgrims onward to that great soldier's shrine, whose wisdom time has never surpassed, whose virtues earth has never paralleled, whose renown and bravery have challenged the admiration, and whose excelling brightness of character, like the sun in full resplendence, has illuminated the world.

Yours is indeed a holy mission. Heaven speed you on, and when again you shall have presented arms, and saluted the wives and daughters of the Putnam Phalanx, and shall rehearse your pilgrimage to the hallowed tomb of *our* and *your* Washington, tell your hearers that as you gathered around it, and the stirring and glorious memories of his great life passed you in review, you all, with one heart and with one accord, invoked his mighty spirit, that the majestic admiral, the Union, with all her sails set and her starry flag streaming from the main, in undimmed brightness, might not, in the night of darkness and danger closing around her, be stranded on the sands and shoals of secession and error, nor be driven by adverse winds and the surging waves of fanaticism from the pathway of safety mapped out by her great constitutional chart, but with the earliest dawn of the morrow, the angry winds should sleep, the tempest should be stayed, all dangers passed away forever, and that all eyes with joy should behold her, sailing onward as safely, as grandly, as gloriously, as when his own strong arm aided our patriot fathers in launching her, with prayers and blessings and laden with precious human hopes, "adown the gulf of time."

Soldiers, the Guard regret the shortness of your sojourn in our midst. They bid me give you the earnest assurance, which I most cheerfully do, that come whosoever you may, in phalanx as soldiers, or individually as fellow countrymen, you shall be greeted with a soldier's generous welcome. Our prayers attend you; and may you long live to witness the advancing greatness and increasing glory of our free and ever-to-be-united country.

In response, Mr. Stuart again returned the hearty thanks of the Phalanx for the kind and hearty reception tendered them.

After the ceremonies of reception were over, the line was again formed, and they were escorted to the Gilmore House, their head-quarters during their stay, when they were dismissed until two o'clock, P. M., of Wednesday.

Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, a large number of the members of the Phalanx, and their officers, by invitation, proceeded to the armory of the City Guard, on Baltimore and Gay streets, where they were met and received in a truly soldier-like hospitable manner. The Guard had prepared a table, bountifully supplied with substantials.

Upon the appearance of Maj. Goodwin of the Phalanx, and Maj. Warner, of the Guard, in the armory, three cheers and a tiger were given.

Maj. Warner proposed a toast to the Major of the Putnam Phalanx and its members, which was responded to by Maj. Goodwin. Toasts and speeches by members of both organizations were offered and responded to, and the occasion was one of much hilarity and good feeling.

Many of the officers and members accepted hospitalities at the residence of Henry Janes, Esq. It was a pleasing entertainment, and on the occasion friendly greetings were exchanged with many of the ladies and gentlemen of intelligence and standing of that city. The Phalanx are under lasting obligations to the Mayor, Police, to Chief Engineer Charles T. Holloway, Esq., to Wm. H. Quinby, Esq., Fire Commissioner, and many other citizens, for their untiring efforts to make the visit an agreeable one to the Phalanx. The Mayor's secretary, D. H. Blanchard, Esq., was very attentive. Up to two P. M., of Wednesday, the members of the Phalanx occupied much of their time in visiting the more prominent portions of the city, including the Washington Monument, Cathedral, Home for the Friendless, Public Park, &c., &c. The latter is one of the finest natural parks in the Union. It lies almost within the city, is composed of five hundred acres, lately purchased at a cost of \$500,000, and most perfectly adapted to its present use. It is mostly woodland, of heavy growth, requiring but little effort and time to make it the finest park in all the country. The drives were opened a few months since, and nothing else has as yet been done to change its natural appearance; yet it has become a great place of resort, from its fine views and many attractions, together with its drives of several miles in extent. That park can not otherwise than prove a great blessing, and a profitable investment to the city. One great feature of it is the fact that it is so easily approached through the fine avenues leading out of the city, and by the city railroad which runs to its eastern border, is almost in the city, and yet is as wild and picturesque as if it were miles distant.

At two o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, the Battalion was called together, marched to and around Washington Monument, and thence, under escort of the Baltimore City Guard, through several of the principal streets to the cars which were to convey them to Washington. During the stay of the Phalanx at Baltimore, they formed many warm friendships, and left on the minds of the citizens a feeling of enthusiastic pride that they had been honored with a visit from such a body of fine appearing, intelligent and patriotic soldiers. Wherever the Phalanx marched they were greeted with enthusiasm, and attended by crowds of admirers and well-wishers.

At four o'clock the company left for Washington, where they arrived

at six o'clock, with one or two exceptions every man to his post of duty, and accompanied by several prominent citizens of Philadelphia and Baltimore, who were so pleased with the company that they resolved to follow in their train and witness the honors paid them.

CHAPTER III.

ON the arrival of the Phalanx at Washington, at six o'clock, Wednesday evening, they were received at the depot by the Washington Light Infantry Battalion Company A, Capt. Towers, headed by the Marine Band. The Light Infantry is a splendid Battalion of citizen soldiers. Under escort of the Light Infantry, the Phalanx marched to the National Hotel, where Maj. Davis, of the Infantry Battalion, introduced Maj. Goodwin to the Mayor of Washington, and the Mayor welcomed the Phalanx to Washington in the following strain. He is a fine speaker, and his remarks were enthusiastically cheered by the thousands assembled to witness the display.

SPEECH OF MAYOR BERRETT.

The highly agreeable duty is devolved upon me of tendering to you in the name of my fellow citizens of this, the political metropolis of thirty-three independent States, [applause] a cordial greeting. It is no unusual occurrence, Sir, for the volunteer militia of the several States of this Union to visit our common Capital; but I venture nothing when I announce to you that the presence of no corps from any State of this glorious Confederacy could confer higher honor or give greater pleasure than yours to those I now represent. It was, Sir, if my memory serves me right, in New England's darkest hour that the greatest man known to history left the shores of the broad and beautiful Potomac, to assume command of those gallant patriots near the city of Boston. Is it not, therefore, fit and proper that on this occasion, when a flitting cloud seems to pass over our political horizon, that the men who illustrate the history of that great Captain who dared to lead where any dared to follow, that they should be found wending their way to that sacred spot where repose in silence the ashes of the immortal Washington!

Major, this is hardly the occasion to indulge in this train of remark; but the manly presence of your magnificent corps can not fail to revive any latent patriotism that may be found lurking at this time in the breast of the American patriot. But, Sir, I shall forbear. May that Providence which has directed your footsteps hither and afforded you protection and generous welcome everywhere, continue to preside over you until you shall have again found repose at your common firesides and your common homes.

Again, Sir, I renew to you the tender of a most cordial welcome.

RESPONSE OF JUDGE ADVOCATE STUART.

On the conclusion of the Mayor's speech, Major Goodwin introduced the Mayor to Judge Advocate Stuart, who spoke as follows:

Your Honor: For the truly kind, eloquent, and wholly unexpected greeting which you have vouchsafed to the Putnam Phalanx, its members return you, Sir, their cordial thanks. Military strangers as we all are to your city, and but tarrying briefly in it upon our pilgrimage to the tomb of the illustrious Washington, we did not expect that your courtesy would meet us in a manner which proves so highly agreeable, and our obligation to you, therefore, is much enhanced. We are all the more gratified for the surprise it gives us; and because, particularly, it furnishes conclusive testimony that you here sympathize with the great purpose of our organization; that you here take pleasure in being reminded of the heroic revolutionary authors of American freedom, and rejoice in the noble principles and noble institutions which they so happily established.

The period which we commemorate, Mr. Mayor, is indeed one so marked by purity of purpose, by loftiness of aim, and by warm and glowing energies of love and labor in behalf of our then infant and imperilled republic, that its profound and zealous contemplation can not, we think, but do good, great good, to the American heart; can not, it is hoped, but operate as a grand healing power for any ills which may perchance afflict our people. To promote a contemplation such as this, to bring into near view the men and the virtues which adorned these olden times of peril to which you have referred, is the high aim and pride of our Battalion.

And so, Mr. Mayor, in a garb which is patterned with exactness after that of the Father of his Country, and with music such as that which was poured out in the only strains to which he listened upon the battle-fields of the Union, we see his shrine, yonder upon the banks of the Potomac, there to add fresh vigor to our own reflections upon that epoch which he so brightened, and to renew vows of devotion to our common country.

To be welcomed by you, Sir, with such cordiality, upon our military pilgrimage for this purpose, permit me to assure you, affects us deeply, and thanking you renewedly for the courtesy, we now pass to the quarters prepared for our Battalion.

The Phalanx then marched into the hotel amid the loud plaudits of the spectators.

VISIT TO SECRETARY TOUCEY'S.

After partaking of the repast which had been prepared for them, about a quarter to nine they were again formed in line, when they proceeded, accompanied with martial music, to the residence of Secretary Toucey, where a large company of invited guests awaited them.

Among those present were noticed the following gentlemen: Of the Cabinet—Secretary Cass, Secretary Floyd, and Secretary Thompson. Of the Army and Navy—Col. Harris, of the Marine Corps; Commander Buchanan, of the Navy Yard; Commodore Smith, Capt. Powell, Capt. Lee, Lieut. Russell, Lieut. Davis, Chief Engineer Archbold, Paymaster Gallagher. Citizens, Dr. Parker, of Chinese renown; Judge Huntington, clerk of the Court of Claims; Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute; Mr. Ledyard, son in law of Gen. Cass; Rev. William McLain, Philip R. Clayton, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Welsh, chief clerk of the Navy Department; Capt. Schaefer, of the National Rifles.

Arriving at the Secretary's residence, the officers were personally introduced to Secretary Toucey and to the other members of the Cabinet

present, when a social and pleasant interview took place. The members of the corps took position in the main parlor arranged in military order, and were visited by Secretary Toucey, who availed himself of the opportunity to exchange the customary salutation with each member, pleasantly remarking that it made him feel, in looking upon the many familiar faces present, as if he was at home again. Shortly after the arrival of the corps the numerous guests were ushered into an adjoining room, where was displayed an elegantly arranged table, on which was spread a most sumptuous repast. After the large company had sufficiently regaled themselves, the members of the Phalanx were called together in the main parlor, in the presence of their host, Secretary Toucey. Judge Advocate Stuart then approached the Secretary and addressed him as follows:

It is the desire of the members of the Phalanx, honored sir, before we leave, that I should express to you the great satisfaction they take in the courtesy which you have now extended to them. Let me assure you then, Sir, that we are greatly gratified with this opportunity of paying you our respects. A goodly portion of your life has been spent in that old city of Connecticut from which we come. In the growth and prosperity of Hartford you have always taken a deep interest. There, with distinguished ability, industry, and success, you have long labored in the paths of jurisprudence, at times in those of legislation, and for a considerable period in the elevated sphere of Chief Magistrate of our State. We take you by the hand, therefore, as our former fellow townsmen, neighbor and friend; and in the fact that you now occupy an exalted place in the government of the nation, that you take place and rank in its supreme cabinet, we, as members of the same old municipality with yourself, as having trodden with you the same streets, and breathed with you the same social air, feel gratified and flattered.

And we feel assured that in the organization and happy development of our battalion, you specially will take a deep interest. In your presence, and to you, Sir, I may say, that the members of this Phalanx feel a pride in the Revolutionary history of old Connecticut, because as a State, as one of the Old Thirteen engaged in the mighty work of establishing American liberty, she signalized herself, as we think, by remarkable patriotism, and by remarkable effort. Her blood and her treasure, honored Sir, were poured out upon the battle fields of our embryo Republic, without stint and without a murmur. Many of her sons, aye, very many, found soldiers' graves all the way from Bunker Hill to the banks of the Savannah, while the bones of others bleached upon the solitary banks of the St. Lawrence, and in the then gloomy forests of the west. To commemorate these, and with them those their companions in arms, who survived them—but who, alas! Sir, are nearly all gone to their graves—and to commemorate also all those of other States who participated in that great struggle of the olden times, is the high ambition and the pride of this our Phalanx. And it is our sincere trust and hope that the people, wherever we go, through our suggestive appearance, may be lured into a contemplation of the exalted virtues which adorned our revolutionary ancestors; that so liberty may be loved again as it was of yore, with unsullied purity, with generous self-sacrifice, and with philanthropic ardor, and our people become, what God and nature seem to have designed them to become, a model and a marvel in the true structure of national life, to all the sovereignties of the earth.

And now, honored Sir, re-assuring you of the great pleasure your invitation has given us, and with the wish that you may long continue to enjoy health and prosperity, we bid you a cordial and respectful good night.

SECRETARY TOUCEY'S RESPONSE.

Mr. Commander :—It was not my intention or expectation to have said anything on this occasion. I must, however, say that it affords me unfeigned pleasure to meet with the testimony of my respected fellow-citizens on an occasion like this. I have to thank you cordially for the honor you have done me in accepting the invitation which I extended to you. Without making any allusion to the present state of affairs, which is perilous, in my judgment, in the extreme, I rejoice to see you here at the seat of government, where you can perceive and know for yourselves the perils which at this moment surround, and which threaten our happy country; a country that has been prosperous under the present government beyond all example, in ancient or in modern times; but yet from causes well known to all, we are at this moment in the midst of the most fearful crisis that has ever assailed our institutions.

In this state of affairs it affords me the most unfeigned gratification to see this company here at the seat of government, bearing the emblems of the best times of the Republic, of the most glorious times of our country, when we were engaged in the war which brought ultimately this government into existence. I do feel myself assured that however passion may have carried away some, and however others may have been misled, I believe that throughout the whole North there is a deep conservative feeling, which will rally to save us from the dangers that now threaten us. I can not conceal the hope that there is some mode of extricating the government from its present perilous condition. While you, gentlemen, are here mingling freely with our fellow citizens from all parts of the country, I feel assured that you will be able to carry home to your fellow citizens information which is not readily reached except at some such central point.

Rejoicing, therefore, to have seen you on this occasion; rejoicing that you are about to visit the grave of the Father of his Country, whose farewell words we all recollect—and would to God that we could all realize their importance, and their truth—I say rejoicing at this, I respond to everything that you have said, and bid you a kind farewell.

The Phalanx were then ranged in line, and escorted by the Infantry to their quarters at the National Hotel.

By invitation of the proprietor some of the members visited the theater, and as they entered, the whole audience rose as one man, and greeted them with rousing cheers, and such was the hearty welcome which greeted them from all during their stay in that city.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Phalanx were called together at nine o'clock, Thursday morning, for their excursion to Mount Vernon and the grave of Washington. Soon afterward; under escort of the Washington Light Infantry, headed by the Marine Band, they took up their line of march and proceeded on board the Thomas Collyer, Captain Baker, which immediately left for Mount Vernon. Among the invited guests were Hon. Horatio King, Gen. Thomas of the army, Col. King, assistant Post Master General, Judge S. H. Huntington, a number of clerks in office from the Charter

Oak State, and many ladies. When the steamer arrived opposite Fort Washington, Capt. P. M. Dubant, of Company B, Infantry Battalion, in behalf of Mr. Crutchett, presented Major Goodwin with a collection of the famous Mount Vernon Medalions, set in frames of Mount Vernon wood. Major Goodwin received the gifts with warm expressions of acknowledgement. The members of the Phalanx, learning that the boat was now near the Vernon estate, betrayed the liveliest emotions of interest; the steamer's bell tolled, and the band played appropriate airs. The weather throughout the day was delightful, the excursion one of extreme delight, and we trust of great benefit.

The Phalanx on leaving the boat formed and marched with the left of the line in front, and with reversed arms, to the Tomb of Washington, where the Battalion formed in close column, with the officers and speakers in the center. The Marine Band played a touching funeral dirge which was composed by their leader, Prof. Scalla, and played for the first time on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales at this sacred spot. At the close of the dirge, the Chaplain of the Phalanx, Rev. Asher Moore, offered the following

PRAYER.

Our Father, who art in Heaven, permit us, a few of Thy feeble and dependent children, to bow with reverence before Thee, at this hallowed shrine of our country's freedom. We thank Thee that we have peacefully reached the goal of our pilgrimage; that we now stand on the sacred spot where moulder the bones of him whose memory is blessed in our hearts; and that in the true spirit of patriotism we can here devoutly bless Thy name that the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places, and that we have a goodly heritage. Calling up before our minds this day the noble form of the Father of our Country, and rejoicing that under Thy protecting care he led forth a noble band against a mighty host, and in the day of trial achieved the victory of Right, grant that we may all be inspired with a fresh love of this honored home of our fathers—this delightful dwelling-place of their children. Silence, O Lord, within our borders the noise of discord! May the spirit of the immortal Washington rebuke, in us all, every feeling of unkindness toward any part of this widely extended land; and may both the North and the South ever profit by the wise counsel of Abraham to Lot—"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, *for we be brethren.*" Teach us to realize the obligations and the blessings of this great brotherhood, that our country may be united and prosperous, and give true encouragement to the lovers of freedom throughout the world. Pity our weakness, and forgive our sins. And unto Thy great and holy name, through him who is our Guide and Redeemer, shall be all honor, power, and glory forever! Amen!

At its conclusion Major Goodwin introduced Judge Advocate Stuart, who delivered the following eloquent tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. We venture to say that a speech of such glowing eloquence, beauty, patriotism, lofty sentiment, and touching pathos, was never before heard upon those consecrated grounds. Certainly none who heard that speech will dispute our word, when we say that of the many

high toned and eloquent speeches of Mr. Stuart, the effort of to-day was never excelled by him. As was remarked by one who heard it, would to Heaven that every man in our distracted country might have heard it, and drank in its inspiration, and under its influence stay the maddening hand and the perverted heart which would take one star from the galaxy of States now composing these glorious United States.

The apostrophe to the spirit of Washington can not be fully appreciated without having looked upon the speaker, and heard his glowing words, his touching and tender appeal. Those who did listen, who did hear, were melted to tears. May the God of Heaven and Earth so touch the hearts of every American that the appeal may not be in vain. Read the following eloquent speech ; ponder and take heed to its lesson.

SPEECH OF JUDGE ADVOCATE STUART.

“And so ‘tis come to pass,” wrote the celebrated Increase Mather upon occasion of the interment at Boston of that unspotted patriot, General Wait Winthrop, in the same sepulchre with the two illustrious Governors of his own name and lineage—“and so ‘tis come to pass that the grandfather, the father, and the son, are asleep in the same tomb together, waiting for the appearance of Him who is our life. Egyptian pyramids cannot show a collection of such dust as that with which this tomb is enriched.”

This strikingly solemn eulogy, Major Commandant, and Officers and Soldiers of the Putnam Phalanx, and invited guests, was uttered one hundred and forty-four years ago, before a Washington was given to the world, and long before his ashes had mingled with those of his fathers. With how much added force, standing as we now do by the sacred sarcophagus which contains his ashes, and by that also which holds the ashes of his distinguished wife, and recalling the glorious and unexampled career which God and destiny have accorded to him, with how much added force, I say, here upon the spot where those two illustrious personages lie “asleep together, waiting for the appearance of Him who is our life,” may we all exclaim—truly “Egyptian pyramids do not contain a collection of such dust as that with which *this* tomb is indeed enriched.”

To speak of the life and services of Washington is to speak of that which is known and read of all men ; which, from lisping infancy to tottering age, throughout the civilized world, and far even amid the recesses of barbaric life, is more or less familiar and appreciated. For where has not the name of Washington been heard? What part of the world has not been filled with the echoes of his fame? Yet here and now, gathered as we are around his sepulchre, at the solemn trysting place of our own civil faith, and beneath the banner of one who was among the earliest, fondest, and most trusted of his companions in arms,* it may not be amiss, nay, it seems imperative, that we should briefly recall his characteristics, however close they may hitherto have been in the companionship of our spirits, and so awaken and gladden some of the noblest sensibilities of our nature.

* NOTE—*Gen. Washington to Gen. Putnam.*—“Head-Quarters, 2d June, 1783: Your favor of the 20th May I received with much pleasure. For I can assure you that among the many worthy and meritorious officers with whom I have had the happiness to be connected in service through the course of this war, and from whose cheerful assistance in the various and trying vicissitudes of a complicated contest I have received much support and confidence, the name of a PUTNAM is not forgotten, nor will be, but with that stroke of time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues through which we have struggled for the preservation and establishment of the *Rights, Liberties and Independence of our Country.*”

Thus recalling, our attention is first and at once attracted by that great leading feature of his character—his patriotism; patriotism in its most exalted sense, not only as signifying a pure and undying love of country, but as implying also all that energy of will, and devotedness of effort, which make the love of country a practical blessing and a glory to those upon whom it is outpoured; patriotism which, like a fountain and a spring upon the hill-tops of the soul, sends forth its sparkling waters, through rills that are innumerable, to diffuse themselves everywhere for the support, the glow, and the repose of happy human life.

Washington, as it happened, came upon the stage of action when human life, in the Anglo-American world, was weighed down by the hand of power, was made the sport of Trans-Atlantic political madness, was under the shock and in the gloom of intolerable oppression. His heart, tender ever with all its firmness, drooped at the spectacle. Doubtless in retirement he hung his harp at times upon the willows, and sat down and wept; but out upon those tears, Fellow Soldiers, glided manly strength and noble resolve. Deliverance for his country, clearly comprehended, inflexibly purposed, and to be pursued at all hazards, through every maze and the furnace even of affliction, took root in his spirit. Grand destinies, as they seemed to him, were in store for a new and rising world, and they fired his contemplation, and exalted his zeal. Liberty wrapped him in her fond embrace, and became at once a halo around his head. And heedless utterly of self, disdaining every proffer of pecuniary emolument, pouring out all his thoughts, and every affectionate instinct, and every energy of his nature, upon the agonized bosom of his country, he made her his own battle-bride; threw himself thus pure, thus all exalted by holy zeal, into the great contest for independence, and there, Fellow Soldiers, became what? Became the life and soul of the whole momentous struggle; its argus-eyed chief warden and warrior; its Mecca of military faith and civil trust; the head physician for all its pains; the trusted exorcist of all its fears; its never-failing fountain of hope; a deliverer, almost divine, for the people whom he served; the glorious and immortal Father of a now gigantic nation of freemen.

Such and so striking, Fellow Soldiers, in the fruitage of his patriotism, was, in his day of life, the noble sleeper here. To yield fruitage like this, implies, of course, capacities both of mind and body that are of the highest order. These, as is familiar truth, Washington possessed—and amply. Recall his stature—it exceeded six feet—his breadth of chest, and admirable proportions. He had a strength of arm and powers of endurance that were truly wonderful; and in early life the wilderness, the chase, toil as a surveyor, and tramps across the Alleghanies to negotiate in the far west with the Frenchman and the Indian, had kept them in constant exercise—had imparted to his constitution that remarkable robustness which enabled him to bear, without recoil, all the terrible fatigues of the great Revolutionary struggle; while free intercourse at other times with the politest society of his day, gave to his manners an ease and dignity which both attracted and awed; which made him probably the best type in his day of the American gentleman, and added extraordinary impressiveness to his personal presence, whether at the head of the Army, or at the head of State.

And within this imposing frame dwelt a mind, which, nursed and developed chiefly by self-culture, was at once active, discriminating, solid, and just. It was quick to comprehend, rigorous to investigate, slow to decide, and firm to execute. In its observation of things it omitted no detail. It dropped no link in its ratiocinations. It was warped neither by prejudices or partialities. It was misled by no tricks of the imagination. It obeyed no idle formalities. It bowed to no precedents or authorities, save to those only upon which experience had placed the stamp of inexorable truth. It was, in short, eminently practical in its view of every subject, looking at important facts in the sober light of their reality alone, and reaching its conclusions through inter-textures of thought which were made up only by the threads of common sense.

To a mind thus constituted, and thus performing its work, a sound judgment was of course the inseparable companion, and prudence, in its highest exalta-

tion as a moral virtue, the discerning, sharp-sighted handmaid. And here I touch two characteristics of Washington upon which the world has dwelt with special praise, and which, more than any other he possessed, as regards the right discharge of his momentous duties, guided his conduct, and enabled him, out of the chaos of revolution, to deduce a new and flourishing Empire.

Over every problem of war, and every scheme of civil administration to which his attention was called—no matter how tangled may have been the web of facts, or how tumultuous the flow of events, or how pressing the emergency of doubt or danger in which he was placed—he diffused that calm and comprehensive foresight which mirrors consequences in their full light, and imparts, of course, to the selection of measures, just choice, and unwavering confidence.

Signal exemplifications of this prudential feature of his mind, especially in his military policies, must strike the memories of us all. I can not dwell upon them. Suffice it to say here that in every crisis of the Revolutionary war, in every draught of operations, in every device of measures, in every emergency of failing troops or failing supplies, in every dilemma of uncertainty or peril, officers, soldiers, towns, cities, States, the old Continental Congress, the whole country, all looked up to Washington for the boon and panacea of his advice. And the touchstone of events rarely, if ever, failed to prove the soundness of his circumspection, and the wisdom of his conclusions. The past, the present, and to a remarkable extent the eventualities of the future, seemed garnered in his thoughtfulness, and auspicious results, sooner or later, flowed almost as a matter of course from his own profound deliberations and the determinations of his sagacious mind.

With the characteristics of Washington which I have now described, were united a will which, once made up, was steadfast as the sun; a courage that was invincible; a zeal which no obstacles could deaden; a patience that was exhaustless; and a cheerfulness which the most poignant of trials could scarcely discompose. With them were united also a sensibility from which both affection and compassion could alike extract the sweetest response; a liberality, the result of overflowing goodness of heart, that was unbounded; great disinterestedness of motive, and a profound and unfaltering moral and religious trust. And all these elements were so harmoniously blended in his composition, acted and reacted with such just adaptation each to the other, and all to the great ends of human conduct, like rays of the enriching light were so beautifully combined, as to constitute Washington, as is now the almost universal judgment, the most perfect man, viewed as a whole, in the full accomplishments of his being, in all the massive completeness of his nature, the most perfect man upon whom the earth has looked since the morning stars first sang together in the primeval glory of creation.

Other men may have achieved greater distinction simply as warriors and conquerors. A Cæsar, a Hannibal, a Turenne, a Marlborough, a Napoleon, or a Wellington, could marshal hosts upon the battle-field with skill more scientific doubtless than his own, and glitter more magnificently in the sheen of blood-bought victories. Other men may have plucked more showy laurels simply as orators and statesmen. A Chatham, a Burke, a Mirabeau, a Hamilton, a Henry, a Mason, a Madison, an Ames, and an Adams, in civil jurisprudence, in political law, and in wielding assemblies by rhetorical power, were doubtless his superiors. But for the even combination of high military with high civil attainments, for the just balance and perfect consonance, in its entire development, of his whole nature, moral, intellectual, physical and sensitive, and for a philanthropic comprehensiveness of enlightened patriotic power, Washington stands the peer among the great men of the earth; an Aristides for integrity; a Pericles for administrative talent; a Wellington for steady courage; a Leonidas for the pass of danger; a Fabius for circumspection; a Napoleon for alertness in concerted conduct; a Trumbull for reliance on Providence, and a Doria, and more than a Doria, for the Waterloo of Yorktown, and the accomplished salvation of his country; uniting, more or less, the greatness and the genius of each and all in the one sublime congeries of himself alone.

Such, Fellow Soldiers, such was the illustrious man by whose tomb we now reverently stand—here to evoke the good genius which presided at the birth of our Republic, and from its contemplation to gather fresh inspiration for our patriotism. The philanthropist, the civilian, the sage, the lofty soldier of liberty—his duty done, his mission all fulfilled—here he sleeps that sleep from which, in this world, there is no awakening—yet yielding from his silent dust the phoenix of a soul whose elemental breath it was that germinated the great seed-plot of American liberty, and that gloriously fructifies it still; and which, if but piously embalmed by the American people in the myrrh of their *united* patriotic affection, and kept in their Temple of the Sun, will render their own liberty immortal as itself.

Sainted father of our country—Spirit, great spirit of the just man made perfect—oh teach thou unto us such due reverence of Thee! From thy dazzling repose upon the bosom of thy God, and of our fathers' God, shine thou, in the light of thine own pure example shine ever upon us the children of thy patriotic labors here on earth; and as generation after generation of American freemen shall come to this sacred spot, here lovingly to contemplate thy virtues, and woo thy mighty shade, impart thou to them from thine own “essence of purer elements!” The blush of their earth embracing with thy heaven, be it thy sacerdotal trust to waft their orisons on high as worthy *united* possessors of that goodly heritage which thou hast bequeathed! Of Liberty itself, as heaven-born, in its own nature ethereal and sublime, as the inspiration of God in the heart of man, angels have charge. The banners of archangels are over it. Cherubims and seraphims do sing its praise. Oh be it then thine, with a harp strung to the glories of its Creator, to hymn its triumphs upon the dim arena of our mortal life, and to magnify us in its glorious stature until the last rays of human intellect shall have illumined eternity!

A few words more now, Fellow Soldiers, and I shall have done. With Washington, gathered as we are upon the soil of the Old Dominion—that soil so full of historic renown, which, like our own beloved New England, yielded its blood and its treasure most lavishly to that sacred cause which we commemorate—let us also call to mind those other great and good men who were his associates, from this his own native region, in the toils and perils of that war of which he was so the acknowledged leader and guide. Let us remember the zeal and affection with which they all united in condolence and in liberal aid for the oppressed metropolis of New England—the noble sleeper here, at that time, when the fatal Port Bill hung over Boston like a pall, heading a subscription for its suffering people with his own fifty pounds. Let us recall a Henry, a Mason, a Bland, a Carey, a Pendleton, a Madison, and a Monroe, most of whom, I believe all, were members of that immortal Virginia convention of May, 1776, which was the first upon the American continent, regardless alike of King and Parliament, to establish, upon declared rights, a Constitution of independent local government; one which, defying transatlantic power, a model and a marvel to the people of the earth, “moved like a pillar of fire before the whole country.”

Let us recall the heroic Richard Henry Lee, who was the first in the old Continental Congress to move that immortal Resolution for Independence which the equally heroic John Adams, of our own region, was the first to second. Let us recall that idolater of freedom, the philosophic Jefferson, who embodied the principles of that Independence in a memorial which is destined to endure for all time, infusing into each one of its world-startling paragraphs that same spirit in which he himself uttered the remark, that sooner than yield the right of American colonial legislation to British control, he would “lend his own hand to sink the whole English Isle into ocean’s depths.” And a Muhlenburgh, that distinguished patriot, who, upon the earliest rumor from blood-stained Lexington, forsaking at once the cassock and the gown, was one of the first to rouse from the glades of the Blue Ridge a noble company of riflemen for the common defence; that dauntless Morgan, who upon the first blast from the bugle of war, with the speed almost of the wind, poured ninety-six of the most gallant sharp-shooters, fully armed and equipped, from Winchester, Virginia, into the camp around Boston—these and others, the Revolu-

tionary warriors and Revolutionary statesmen of the heroic Old Dominion, let us here and now recall them all ; reflecting with fond pride upon that exalted sympathy of soul, which, in the olden times of peril to which I refer, cemented them with our own fathers of New England in the common bond of one grand national struggle, and one grand national deliverance ; and which, let us all pray God, may cement their descendants, now and ever hereafter, into one indissoluble heart, one hope, one life, one destiny !

Fellow Soldiers, you will remember that upon our excursion to the grave of the gallant Putnam, our endeared and highly-endowed townswoman, Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, entrusted me with a beautiful poetical effusion, from her own pen, adapted to the occasion. She has again entrusted me with a similar contribution. You will find it pervaded with patriotic beauty, and admirably adapted to our present visit. I shall conclude with reading it to you :

THE PUTNAM PHALANX AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Here, on Mount Vernon's breast,
Beside its sacred grave,
Bow low the uncovered head, where sleeps
The bravest of the brave.
Aye—bare the martial brow
At his immortal name,
For whom accordant earth entwines
Her proudest wreath of fame.

From Northern skies ye come,
To bless Virginia's son—
Our infant nation's guiding star—
The peerless Washington ;
While on your banner bright,
Ye boast the lion heart
Of him who with that chieftain bore
In Freedom's toils a part.

Seek, ere ye homeward wend,
Some relic from the shrine—
Leaflet or germ of patriot love,
And brotherhood divine.
Wear in your fervent souls,
To mark the hallowed scene,
This jewel from our Father's Tomb—
This fadeless evergreen.

Upon concluding the reading of the above, Mr. Stuart said that there was another tribute to be offered to the shrine before them. A bouquet of flowers had been sent by a lady of Philadelphia, with the request that it be placed upon the tomb of Washington. He had requested that that offering be placed there by one than whom no man could more appropriately do so. He called upon Hon. Daniel P. Tyler, of Brooklyn, to execute the charge. Mr. Tyler, who is a great-grandson of General Putnam, stepped forward, and taking the bouquet in his hand, said :

Soldiers: We are standing on consecrated ground. Contemplation is more fit than speech. Let our words, therefore, be few and well chosen. The ashes of a hero are here ! A hero—the world has known a thousand heroes, but

the world has had but one Washington! All, from whatever land they come, bring to this hallowed spot feelings of deepest reverence; but we, my countrymen, stand here with higher, holier feelings than those of simple reverence. Yes, yes! we are *here* penetrated with the tender emotions of children at a father's grave.

Soldiers: I hold in my hand a bouquet of simple flowers, grown upon the banks of the Delaware, whose waters ceaselessly roll a liquid tribute to the broad, deep ocean of Washington's immortality. These flowers were culled and arranged by my dear own beloved sister, Mrs Cowperthwait, of Philadelphia, a lineal descendant of that tried and veteran soldier, whose form appears and whose name is enshrined upon our banner; and this bouquet was presented as a testimonial of respect to the wife of our honored Commandant, at whose hands I have received it with the request that I should place it on the tomb of Washington. Most readily shall I comply with that request, and gratefully acknowledge the compliment paid me as the selected agent to discharge so pleasing a duty.

The speaker then placed the flowers upon the sarcophagus, and turning to the assemblage exclaimed:

There! there! repose sweet flowers, and breathe out all of your fragrance.

"Sweet, goodly flowers, ye were loved in times of old,
And better worth are crowns of flowers than crowns of beaten gold."

Poor frail emblems, your stems must wither; your fragrance be lost in the surrounding atmosphere, and your leaves be scattered and driven by the winds. And now, sons and daughters of Connecticut, our pilgrimage has been ended; and although the beauty and fragrance of the rose, geranium, and anemone may not be here—although this tomb should yet neglected be; aye, should both nature and art withhold their offerings—still imagination and the feelings of every patriotic American will supply what they withhold, and flowers, perennial flowers of immortal beauty shall ever deck the tomb of Washington.

Mrs. Goodwin, wife of the Major Commandant of the Phalanx, presented the bouquet to Mr. Tyler with the request that it be placed upon the Tomb. Mrs. Goodwin received the bouquet in Philadelphia, accompanied by the following note from a sister of Hon. Daniel P. Tyler:

ROSENEATH, 6th Dec., 1860.

My Dear Mrs. Goodwin:—To-day I anticipate at the hour you place upon the grave of Washington to put a verdant evergreen wreath upon the grave of Franklin with these words: "Lord, keep our memories green;" and in imagination I will visit the grave of Putnam, and upon the decayed and crumbling stone I would place a *rent* flag, over which should hover our American Eagle with outspread wings, trying to cover the torn flag; hovering over should be a dove, with an olive branch ready to drop upon the tomb, with a wreath composed of Evergreen and Life Everlasting around. I would recognize Hope with her anchor resting upon the Charter. Faith should be there with her eye turned upward and pointing with her finger to Heaven; while Charity should stand not with folded mantle, but spread over all, and while a few sons of Africa should be there, one holding up a Liberty Cap, others with open Bibles, saying, "You have brought us to your country and given us a hope of Heaven."

With a sincere wish that you may enjoy the excursion, believe me your friend,

CAROLINE E. COWPERTHWAIT.

Mrs. Goodwin.

At the close of Mr. Tyler's remarks the Phalanx marched to the front of the mansion once occupied by Washington, where they were dismissed for half an hour, for the purpose of viewing the premises. The buildings which were sadly out of repair when taken possession of by the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association, are in process of renovation, and consequently not so inviting to visitors as they will be in the future. Every facility by those in charge of the grounds was rendered the Phalanx to enable them to see the place, and many courtesies extended which are not allowed other visitors. Almost every one brought away a cane, a shrub, a twig, or some other relic of the spot. They drank from the old well, visited the mansion, the out-houses, the lawns, flower gardens, orchard, the old tomb, the summer-house, the old shade trees under which the Father of his Country sat in life, the magnolia tree planted by Washington, purchased of a venerable negro hickory nuts, acorns, locust beans grown upon the estate; warmed themselves by the fire in the old kitchen fire-place, the proportions of which are of that magnitude that within it at one and the same time were a good-sized country fire, several pots and kettles boiling, a large joint of meat roasting, a smart looking colored cook of the true old Virginia stamp, and as many as three stalwart members of the Putnam Phalanx. They peeped into every window, admired the old-fashioned carving upon the walls of the mansion house, and the exquisite sculpture of the mantel in the old reception parlor; and listened with eager interest to every word of explanation given them. Portions of the dilapidated old buildings have been restored, and of the decayed pieces removed the Phalanx were permitted to help themselves, which they did most liberally.

The mansion stands upon the brow of a hill, and commands a fine prospect. After spending about an hour in this agreeable manner, the roll of the drum recalled the scattered multitude, and the Phalanx, headed by their band of martial music, marched back to the wharf to the strain of Yankee Doodle, and re-embarking, set forth on their return. The passage back to Washington was a pleasant one indeed. Capt. Baker, of the Collyer, exerted himself to the utmost to make his guests at home upon the steamer, and the enjoyment was universal. Arrived on the wharf, the line was again formed, and the Phalanx paraded through the streets to their quarters, followed by a large crowd of spectators.

The Phalanx visited the Theater, Thursday night, by invitation, and were received with the liveliest demonstrations of applause; and on leaving received the thanks of Mr. Anderson for their presence, and the hope that they would have a safe and pleasant trip back to Connecticut. They were then escorted to the Assembly Rooms, where the ball was to be given them by the Washington Light Infantry Battalion. The scene here was brilliant in the extreme. The spacious hall had been profusely decorated with flags and otherwise ornamented, while appropriate inscrip-

tions of welcome to the visitors were noticeable at various points. The attendance was large, of citizens as well as military, and the ladies of Washington were represented by a larger proportion of pretty faces and graceful figures than is often seen in a ball room.

CHAPTER V.

FRIDAY morning opened with a clear sky, and with every indication of a beautiful day, as the result proved it to be. The Phalanx were called together at 9 1-2 o'clock, and soon after, under escort of the Washington Light Infantry Battalion, they proceeded from their quarters at the National Hotel by way of Pennsylvania avenue to the Executive Mansion for the purpose of paying their respects to the President. On reaching the White House, they were drawn up in line on the avenue in front, where they were reviewed by the President and Secretary Toucey. A large crowd lined the streets to witness the review, and during its progress a call was made for cheers for the *Union Men of Connecticut*, which was responded to most heartily. After the review, at the suggestion of the President, they entered the East Room, where a large company of distinguished gentlemen and others, including quite a sprinkling of ladies, were assembled. The scene was a brilliant one, the military and guests being arranged round the room with the President in the centre.

It having been intimated that the President would be pleased to hear from the Battalion, and then address to it a few remarks, the Major Commandant called upon Judge Advocate Stuart for the purpose, who spoke as follows;

Your Excellency, President Buchanan:—We came hither from distant Connecticut, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the illustrious Washington. That sacred spot we yesterday visited—there paid our patriotic homage, and there freshly consecrated ourselves to the love and service of our common country. And it affords us, let me assure you, unfeigned pleasure and satisfaction, to be ushered, as we now have been, upon your own most courteous invitation, into the presence of the Executive Head of the American People; into the presence of him, who, by the free suffrage of our great Republic, stands as its exalted Chief Magistrate and Representative before all the nations of the earth.

Organized, as our Battalion specially is, to commemorate those patriot warriors and statesmen, who, amid the smoke and carnage of battle, and amid those civil disquietudes and pecuniary distresses which Revolutions are always sure to engender, and often to prolong, laid the foundations of our present national greatness, it is therefore with deep interest indeed that we find ourselves standing now within a city which so memorializes and enshrines the magnificent work of their liberty-loving hands as does this the Capital City of the American Union.

Here, we are proudly aware, is the grand central depository and home of

that matchless Constitution which those our Fathers framed ; and which we most devoutly trust, may continue, evermore, to stretch its ægis in glory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the ice-clad sources of the Mississippi to the keys of tropical Florida. Here, in all legislation and administration that concern the country at large, the great brain of our nation does its federal work, and its one heart performs its gigantic beating—*one* heart, as we still fondly hope it is in fact, and will ever be. Upon this spot, in its search for the metropolis of a new People, who have been awakened but yesterday, as it were, to the sublime realization of the true principles of liberty, the eye of the whole civilized world rests with wonder, not unmixed with admiration, and here beholds their representative power and grandeur in their most imposing national forms.

Naturally enough, therefore, your Excellency, when within a city of such significance, do we of this Phalanx feel our contemplation roused and awed, and our love of country drawn out into fresh and fervent exercise. And in that retrospective spirit which it is our aim specially to cherish, we can not but now lift the curtain from the great past of our Republic, and here, from this grand Stand Point, gaze afresh upon those illustrious men whose blood, whose treasure, and whose sagacious minds, wrought out for the New World those glories which this Federal Metropolis so signally recalls, concentrates, and embalms. *Their* noble conceptions of freedom, and the devotional solemnity with which they developed them ; their courage, their enthusiasm, their patience, their spirit of self-sacrifice, all so pure, so sublime, and so enduring ; the opulence of their patriotic thoughts ; the humane and plenteous civil and political knowledge of their leaders, and the almost superhuman wisdom of those their counsellings which produced that priceless Constitution under which we live ; all these the lofty characteristics of the great Founders of our Republic, come—here upon this spot, and in the august presence, as we now are, of the honored Chief Magistrate of the nation—come thronging over our souls with a power and beauty which, we can not but feel, exalt our civil faith, and enchain our hearts, and we trust forever will enchain them, to the Constitution and the Union of our whole beloved Country.

Oh, your Excellency, could views and sentiments like these but become, without stint and without exception, those of the entire people of our land—pervading them all, in every artery and vein of their civil being, as the transmitted, vitalizing life-blood of our great Commonwealth of States—how would every cloud of discontent, every speck even of sectional animosity, every stain of party bitterness, vanish from the face of our political sky, and leave it radiant all over in the light of grateful peace and national union.

That such may be the auspicious result of a warm and frequent contemplation of the lives and services of the imperishable Worthies of the Revolutionary era—that through the potent panaceas of such a retrospect our People may be able to cure every ill which their political system may at times perchance engender—is the cherished hope of the Battalion in whose behalf I now have the honor to address you. Thus would we have it demonstrated, both to the American world, and to a still doubting world abroad, that the great structure which our Fathers reared is incapable of decay ; that the jewel of Self-Government does not, and can not ever rust, or suffer fracture, in the hands of our own People ; that Time, which is “perpetually washing away the dissoluble fabrics” of all sovereignties reared in contravention of popular rights, shall “pass without injuring, by the adamant” of the American Constitution.

Cordially wishing that your Excellency may long live to witness this our cherished hope in process of triumphant accomplishment, and that upon your retirement from the helm of State you may be blessed with every enjoyment, I renew to you, in behalf of our Battalion, the assurance of their heartfelt gratitude for the courtesy which it has been your pleasure this day to vouchsafe.

RESPONSE OF THE PRESIDENT.

The President responded as follows:

I welcome with all my heart the Putnam Phalanx to the White House. I feel confident that there are no more worthy and patriotic citizens in the country than those of which that battalion is composed. I heartily rejoice to see what I had never seen before, so large and respectable a body of soldiers clothed in the old Continental uniform. [Applause.] It causes our minds to recur to the days that have past—the days of struggle and toil; the days of patriotism and courage; the days when men's souls were animated with a desire to conquer the greatest nation in the world, and their energy and perseverance enabled them to triumph over the British lion, and establish their independence.

Your name is suggestive. Putnam—General Putnam—the hardy farmer General of the Revolution. The man whose iron will could not be arrested in the discharge of his duty; the man who has set an example of patriotism and courage which has for the last seventy years animated the hearts of his countrymen. Those are glorious retrospects. You are dressed in the full uniform of the Revolution; but alas! how few of the men of the Revolution enjoyed a full military dress! We are told that their marches could be traced by the blood of their naked feet; that they were penniless; they were without tents; they were without ammunition, and partly without clothing. These brave men suffered every toil and every hardship for their country, and would to God that the spirit which animated them may still survive in their country. Then all will be well. It is not my purpose to make you a speech, gentlemen, but with all my heart I bid you welcome to the White House, and should be most happy to shake the hand of each one of the Putnam Phalanx if that be agreeable.

The Phalanx then passed in review, shaking hands with the President as they filed past.

The two companies then passed out, re-formed, and proceeded directly to the National, where the Phalanx were dismissed until two P. M. The members then visited the Capital and other places of interest. At two o'clock the company sat down to dinner. The proprietors of the hotel made this *the* dinner of the occasion. The tables were elegantly furnished, and bountifully supplied with good things. The Marine Band volunteered their services and played several lively airs, for which they received the cheers and hearty thanks of the Phalanx. At dinner a dispatch received by one of the members, was read, announcing that of the Phalanx members left at home, sixty-one would turn out in uniform, with the Hartford Band and Colt's Guard, Saturday noon, to welcome home the excursionists, and that the Seymour Light Artillery would fire a salute on the Park. There was a lively time around the table for a few minutes after the announcement, while the inquiry was made by the Washingtonians, "Pray how many members have the Phalanx?" The idea that they could visit Washington with one hundred and forty men, and have sixty-one in uniform at home, seemed to give them an idea that the Putnam Phalanx were great in numbers as well as in many other things. Immediately after dinner the company made preparations to start for home. Quartermaster Towers, and officers of the Light Infan-

try, also Capt. Shaver, of the New England Rifles, a fine drilled company, dined with the Phalanx. Miss Lane of the White House, and niece of the President, presented a beautiful bouquet to Mrs. Goodwin. The members of the Phalanx, one and all, will not soon forget the honors and attentions showered upon them at Washington, and in fact, at every stopping place on the route, nor will they *ever forget* the brilliant oratorical display in the East Room by their Judge Advocate. That speech is not only one of the best off hand efforts ever made by him, but it was delivered with an eloquence and fire never excelled by any previous effort of his. It fairly electrified every one present, and brought tears to many unused to emotion, and it seemed to inspire every one present to patriotic desires, and to renewed devotion and love for the perpetuation of our liberties purchased by the blood of our Revolutionary sires, and for the preservation of the United States, intact. May the patriotic sentiments enunciated in that speech, pervade the whole people, and then, in the language of the President, all will be well.

CHAPTER VI.

H O M E W A R D B O U N D .

FRIDAY afternoon at two and a half o'clock, the Phalanx formed into line preparatory to their start for home. The National Rifles turned out to escort Maj. J. T. Warner, of the Baltimore City Guard, who had accompanied the Phalanx to Mount Vernon, and the Washington Light Infantry appeared as escort to the Phalanx—the whole making a splendid military display. Arriving at the depot, speeches were made, and the most fraternal feelings manifested toward each other. An immense crowd congregated in and around the depot to witness the departure, and as the cars left at 3:20, amid the wildest enthusiasm, a strong regret was manifested that the visitors could not make a longer stay. There was a feeling of deep gratitude spoken and manifested towards the Phalanx, for their visit, which was looked upon as a fraternal, union saving one. At some distance from the city, and a quarter of a mile from the railroad, in front of a large building, were some one hundred boys and girls connected with Gallaudet's Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, waving their handkerchiefs and making other demonstrations of recognition. The Phalanx heartily responded to the kind greeting.

At Baltimore the City Guard presented to Quartermaster Strong, of the Phalanx, a liberal supply of refreshments, which proved very acceptable during the night ride.

At Philadelphia there was no delay, the cars which the Phalanx occupied having been drawn across the city to the ferry-boat on the east side of the city. At four A. M. the Phalanx were landed at Jersey City, and in half an hour were quartered at the Astor House. At six A. M. they took breakfast, after which, in a driving snow storm, they started for the depot, a distance of two and a half miles, which they accomplished in forty-five minutes. As they passed up Broadway the steam fire engines, returning from a fire, drew up in line and saluted the Phalanx. At 8:20 the Phalanx started for home which they reached soon after noon, and met with a most gratifying reception. The company were greatly indebted to Quartermaster Strong for the complete arrangements previously made by him with the railroad companies and the hotels on the route, and for the perfect manner in which all those arrangements were carried out. Not a mistake made—not a single detention, and not a miscalculation as to the expense, except that after paying all bills—nearly four thousand dollars—there was a small sum left over. All concerned in the management are entitled to the hearty thanks of the Phalanx for the perfect management of all the duties of the excursion. The men responded with alacrity to the orders of the day, and were remarkably prompt to time. If they were ordered into line at nine o'clock, and ordered to march at nine and a half, they did not consider that half an hour later would answer as well, but were at their post ready for the word of command; consequently there was no delaying trains or other conveyances. To Judge Advocate Stuart, who acquitted himself so nobly, spoke so ably and so eloquently, and reflected such honor upon the company, the Phalanx can not be too grateful; and they are grateful, and their love and respect for him is more than words can express. There were twelve ladies of the party; the wife of the Major Commandant, and the wives of other officers and men; they too added to the pleasures of the trip by their cheerful sociability and kind attentions.

A gratifying feature was the general good health of the men. There were but two or three but were able to do duty, and about every man was in good condition for duty on arrival at home. The general behaviour of the men, was highly creditable; it seemed to be their aim to sustain the good name of the Phalanx.

The members of the Phalanx, one and all, are more than gratified with their excursion, but the greatest satisfaction is the thought, that they may have been the instrument chosen by Providence to bring about a reaction, and initiate a reciprocal feeling between the two sections of our people, which shall result in saving our nation from disruption and civil war. The members come home deeply impressed with the present dangerous condition of our country, and the imminent dan-

ger of civil war, with all its attendant horrors. They are also resolved to do all that honorable men can do to bring about a better state of feeling, or rather to encourage and perpetuate the good feeling already manifested, as the result of their visit. Several Virginians, who were at the Tomb of Washington, remarked that they had never witnessed so affecting a scene, and it made them feel as if they and we were brethren. Senator Crittenden remarked that the visit to Washington at this particular time, seemed to him to be providential, and he was sure it would do good. May our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well, so direct and influence the hearts of men in authority, as to bring about peace, harmony, and good will, and make us a united and happy people.

THE PHALANX AT HOME.

The Putnam Phalanx were more than gratified at their home reception on Saturday. They had been the recipients of many honors during the week, and had reflected much honor upon the city and State, but the most appreciated of all was the warm reception given them on their return home. They had received an intimation before leaving Washington that an escort awaited them on their return, but they were hardly prepared for the cordial greeting of so many of their fellow-citizens. On approaching the city, they were received with a salute of thirteen guns by the Seymour Light Artillery, and were met by nearly fifty of their home members in full uniform, headed by the Hartford Cornet Band also in uniform, and the Colt Guard, Capt. Wm. H. Green, in military overcoats, for escort duty. The march from the depot was in the following order:—Colt Guard; Band; Phalanx, Jr., Lieut. Allyn commanding; carriages containing ladies returned from the excursion; “original” Phalanx, fresh from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Mount Vernon. It was a fine sight—a company of nearly 200 Phalanx men in uniform—the largest number which they have ever paraded at one time. They marched up Asylum street to Ann, up Ann to Church, up Church to Trumbull, up Trumbull to Main, down Main to State, down State and through Prospect street, up Arch to Main, down Main to South Church, and up Main to the Armory. Thousands turned out to see and cheer them. On arriving at their armory, Rev. Asher Moore, their chaplain, addressed them as follows:

*Fellow Citizens:—*I rejoice that we have now safely reached our home. On our long pilgrimage the good Father above has kindly watched over us, and we have great cause to be thankful that we here stand together again. I can not withhold the expression of my high gratification that health has attended us, and that general good order has prevailed among us from the time of our leaving our homes until our happy return. We have received great kindness abroad, but nothing has been more grateful to our feelings than the kind and handsome reception that has here met us. And now, as we desire to keep alive in our mind remembrances of days that are past,

and are especially desirous of perpetuating the ancient customs of our pious Fathers, let us before we separate unite in

PRAYER :

Almighty Parent, we bless thy name that we, having been highly favored abroad, feel still more blessed in coming back to our beloved home. Teach us to revere the name of the honored Father of our Country—and make us grateful for the blessings that have been secured to us by the toils and self-sacrifice of those who have gone before us. May we prove ourselves worthy descendants of noble sires. Bless our country and make it united, prosperous and happy—and may the peace of God and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

Cheers were then given for Major Goodwin, Judge Advocate Stuart, and the Colt Guard, after which the company were dismissed until three o'clock, at which time they were to accept an invitation from Messrs. Goodman & Talcott, of the Allyn House, to dine there. The collation was a princely one, and was furnished gratuitously to the Phalanx by Messrs. Goodman & Talcott. The tables, at which nearly 300 soldiers and invited guests sat down, were furnished bountifully and beautifully. After ample justice had been done to the repast, ex-Mayor Allyn called upon Commissary Henry C. Deming for some remarks, which he hoped would call out a history of the excursion to Mount Vernon. Mr. Deming welcomed the Phalanx home, and referred to their eventful and successful journey.

Major Goodwin called up Judge Advocate Stuart to respond. He complied, and gave a brief history of the excursion, receptions, and pleasures attending it.

Major Goodwin proposed a vote of thanks to the proprietors of the Allyn House, who had furnished the bounteous feast. The thanks were voted with great heartiness. The Phalanx then retired to their armory, and thence to their homes, every man delighted with their whole excursion, and more than delighted with their home reception.

On the return of the Phalanx from the dinner at the Allyn House to their Armory, there was a pleasant interchange of good feeling, and among other things, was the reading of the following by George H. Clark, Esq., the Poet of the Phalanx.

THE PHALANX.

Well—here you are home again, after the battle,
And nobody wounded, nor missing, nor nothing;
Though we heard, through a nincompoop's telegraph tattle,
That a mob in your pathway was champing and frothing.

But we knew you too well to be startled or worried,
Or disturbed very much by the mischievous rumor;
And supposed you were not into broils to be hurried,
Being armed with discretion, good sense and good humor.

It was wisdom's own bullets that you were prepared with,
 For every shot told, and went home, without hurting ;
 They were made of the metal that no one is scared with,
 Except a few fools who their nonsense are blurting.

'Tis affirmed that you conquered four several cities,
 And destroyed a whole host of mistaken opinions ;
 And people do say 'tis a million of pities
 Uncle Sam can not see you in *all* his dominions.

With such regiments—such brains, and such bellies,
 No wonder folks looked in surprised admiration !
 Nor that you enraptured old wives and young Nellies,
 As well as the wise men who manage the nation.

Your talking man—Stuart—comes haloed with glory—
 The incense of praise is abroad from all quarters ;
 Our own dear New England is rife with the story,
 As is likewise her bevy of fair western daughters.

Madame Fame, without waiting to fasten her garter,
 Got out the old trumpet to blazon his name ;
 The winds were impatient, steam hurried to start her,
 And lightning was harnessed for Stuart and Fame !

And, long before this, the two names, in conjunction,
 Have flashed over prairies, and forests, and mountains,
 And had the great cable not failed in its function,
 To-day would have echoed round Italy's fountains.

Well, all are safe back—and our welcome is hearty,
 Though another, still warmer, awaits your attention ;
 Of course I allude to that dear little party,
 In hoops, muslin tuckers, and—things we won't mention.

The following communication was received by Mr. Stuart, on Tuesday, December 11th. It was accompanied by a fresh and fragrant rose-bud, which he presented to Mrs. Sigourney, as per request :

MOUNT VERNON, Dec. 8, 1860.

HON. I. W. STUART,—*Dear Sir* :—At Mr. Herbert's request I enclose the only rose-bud not entirely destroyed by the frost in its late wanderings through the garden. He intends it for Mrs. Sigourney, suggesting that to her imaginative spirit, this little flower, touched with death, but still clinging to life, would prove an agreeable memento from Mount Vernon.

SARAH C. TRACY,
 Private Secretary to the Regent, Mt. V. L. A.

Other mementoes were sent to Mrs. Sigourney by the Phalanx. Mr. Stuart was presented with a light and graceful cane, and Maj. Goodwin with one of stouter dimensions, highly finished, from Mt. Vernon wood.

The present flag of the Phalanx having become torn, the ladies propose to purchase a new one, and to have the flag staff made from the wood of the mansion at Mount Vernon. The ladies have already moved in the matter, and intend to make the presentation in February.

The following was written by George H. Clark, Esq., the Poet of the Phalanx, in anticipation of the visit to Mount Vernon :

THE PILGRIMS.

Nature so stirs all energies and ages,
That folk are bent to go on pilgrimages.

CHAUCER.

When Moses stood on Pisgah's height, and gazed beyond its slopes,
And buried in one longing sigh his disappointed hopes,
He doubtless felt as I do now, in this provoking hour,
That grapes which are beyond the reach, are positively sour.

Nay, never smile at my idea, that this accomplished Jew
Might possibly have entertained some such consoling view ;
For though the words are credited to master Fox, much later,
Yet Moses may have thought as much ;—it's only human natur !

So go along, ye Phalanx boys, and tread Potomac's banks,
And marshal by those honored bones your grave and portly ranks ;
Put on demure and solemn looks, and with your craniums bare,
Let bleak December's surly winds go whistling through your hair.

Then will those oily gentlemen who have no hair to blow,
Take out their pocket handkerchiefs to shield their pates below ;
Yet, notwithstanding all their care, some wheezy ones will cough,
And others, with a loud report, will sneeze their noses off.

But long before you reach the goal of this your pilgrimage,
Some trying scenes will intervene to plague you, I'll engage ;
And as the aforesaid Fox denounced the aforesaid tempting grapes,
I prophesy you'll get yourselves in some confounded scrapes.

For instance : When you reach the shores of Mannahata's isle,
The virtuous city fathers there your senses will beguile ;
They'll come, those rotund gentlemen, in elephantine guise,
Expecting with their Flemish force to take you by surprise.

Or should they get a sight at you, and deputise in haste
Their burliest constituents, men mighty in the waist,
You needn't be at all surprised—at least not overmuch,
To find that in the diaphram you're beaten by the Dutch.

But when they bring their learned wit and eloquence to bear,
The stout battalion's serried ranks will face the music there ;
And every brilliant speech they make, with patriot ardor fraught,
Will only serve to introduce a scholarly retort.

Then in the placid land of Penn—that Paradise of Quakers—
You will be met by square-toed men, as grave as undertakers ;
They'll feast you in their formal way, on terrapin and duck,
And eulogise their man of peace while toasting Putnam's pluck.

At dinner, one will blandly rise, arrayed in broad-brimmed hat,
Shad bellied coat, drab pantaloons, and exquisite cravat,
And after your spread eagle talk of battles and of guns,
Will fire you off a whole broadside of complicated puns.

The maidens—bless their simple souls ! from underneath prim bonnets
Will peep so coyly as to raise a half a score of sonnets ;
Your fattest and your prosiest men will feel the thrilling glances,
Till through their veins the sluggish blood like hot quicksilver dances.

Here Doctor Miner will explore the vaults of Surgeon's Hall,
And Waite, upon the old cracked bell will make a friendly call ;
While Bolles at every ancient pump will show his honest phiz,
And Crosby will be very sick and have the rheumatiz.

Here will your Chaplain's salient wit irradiate and illume,
Despite the overshadowing sense of his lugubrious plume ;
And Sill will so exert himself, enormous jokes to crack,
That Riggs will have to hold his head and pat him on the back.

And when you leave the goodly town the Friends will all escort you,
And deem their peaceful words and ways a lesson may have taught you ;
They'll see you safely to the cars, and thank you for the call,
And then, with sackbuts and with shawms, strike up the March in Saul !

'What Baltimore will do for you is more than I can tell—
Though doubtless her sharp-sighted boys will entertain you well ;
And I may be allowed to guess—as is our Yankee way—
That still the longer you are there the more you'll want to stay.

Methinks I see them welcome you with wide extended arms,
(As they will surely have to do to take in *all* your charms;)
And—only think ! while your trainband is pastured here in clover,
How hugely tickled Strong will be—if he is pleased all over !

The Baltimoreans understand your object and your aim—
They also know that soldiers yearn for other things than fame ;
And so they'll bring their canvass backs, their oysters and their jellies,
And touch you in a tender spot—I mean, of course, your bellies.

And they will also understand, without superfluous question,
That military appetites require a good digestion ;
And so, by way of exercise, they'll march you all about,
And show their wives and lady loves the tall men and the stout.

Yes, dimity will be abroad—and balconies be gay
With sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks and crinoline that day ;
The power of which among your ranks may cause *delirium tremens*,
More potent than convivial bowls of Bourbon, hot, with lemons !

And ev'n the little boys and girls, with great round staring eyes,
Will look at him who bears your flag in whimsical surprise ;
And suspect the Pilgrim's Progress of old Bunyan to be true,
Because that charming story has a Giant just like you !

Your friends will show you many sights—their great and lesser lions,
And sing your praises afterward, like gratified Amphions ;
And should there be a vacant lot on fair Patapsco's banks,
May build another Monument in honor of the Ph'lax.

In Washington, look very wise ! For everybody there
Is wiser than the men who breathe our own North country air.
They'll want to show you the saloons :—be warned and stay away !
They'll want to show you—something else ;—but don't be led astray !

It makes my very flesh to creep to think what risks you'll run,
Among the quicksands and the rocks that are so hard to shun ;
And while before you and around the surging breakers foam,
I shall be very glad indeed that *I* am safe at home.

Of course you'll tread the Capitol's broad tessellated floor,
And visit that proud pillared Hall where Western members roar ;

Where Yankee politicians plot to swell their country's gains,
And Southern members lash their sides and shake their tawny manes.

Call at the Patent Office, too—that great Pandora's box—
And see the first rude pioneer of all our Yankee clocks ;
And there, without your spectacles, you'll find a few more models,
The product of Connecticut's all omnipotent noddles.

Should some official man of note invite your corps to dine,
Accept—by all means ; and enjoy his mutton and his wine ;
And he himself will be aware—perhaps may say it too—
That you are honoring him as much as he is honoring you.

And at Mount Vernon, end and aim of this your pilgrimage,
You'll stand beside the grave of Him, the chieftain, hero, sage ;
And there, in silent thoughtfulness, with not a sound to jar,
You'll meditate a half an hour—like patriots as you are !

Then two or three of your brave band, whose souls are nobly strung,
Inspired by stirring memories will gloriously give tongue ;
And lofty thoughts in fiery words will thrill the listening crowd,
From men of whom their own proud State is enviable proud !

Then you will stroll about the lawn, and view the pleasant land,
And see the little negro boys a playing in the sand ;
And you will buy, each one of you, a smart memorial cane,
Of which your heirs, when you are gone, will be uncommon vain.

You'll feel that you're on classic ground, and snuff the sainted air,
And take your turns at sitting in the Patriarch's oaken chair ;
You'll gaze into his looking glass until your bosoms swell,
And take a drink of water from the old primeval well.

But as the shades of evening fall, and warning fogs arise,
Sad visions of rheumatic bones will float before your eyes ;
You'll button up your ample coats, and tighter press your caps,
And march to livelier drum-beat then, and—take a nip, perhaps !

Thus having done your duty to your country and your name,
With flying colors you'll come back, and talk about the same ;
And I shall meet you at the cars, and help to make a noise,
And welcome to their homes again the gallant Putnam boys !

EDITORIAL EXTRACTS.

From the Washington Star.

The Putnam Phalanx is made up of some of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of the State of Connecticut, and numbers upwards of one hundred and fifty muskets. Among those composing this noble corps is a great-grandson of Gen. Putnam, named D. P. Tyler. The object of their organization is to revive the patriotic spirit of revolutionary times, and instil into the public mind an abiding love for our country and for American liberty. The major part of the corps is composed of men past the prime of life, and their appearance in the uniform our fathers wore during the struggles incidental to our early history, is calculated to inspire all hearts with patriotic sentiments.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The general feeling relative to the corps among our military men was commendatory. Their ancient uniform revived Revolutionary reminiscences, and many of them, being white-haired and well stricken in years, might have passed for veterans of the war on the march to their chieftain's grave. Especially was the feeling of respect predominant for Major Goodwin. His long white locks and bloodless face might have honored Goffe and Whalley. With his great height, erect, and bearing his martial arms, he presented no inadequate image of some mighty men who trod, in 1776, the shadow of Independence Hall. The corps will have no reason to lament their visit to this city.

From the North American.

THE PUTNAM PHALANX.—The chivalry of Yankee land, in the persons of the one hundred and sixty-one gentlemen comprising the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, Conn., arrived in this city last evening, from New York, on their way southward. They tarry in the city until to-night, when they leave for Baltimore. During their brief sojourn among us they will be the guests of the Minute Men of this city, Captain C. M. Berry, by whom they were last night escorted to the Girard House, and presented to the numerous military gentlemen who assembled to greet them. We have said so much concerning this splendid military corps that there is little to add, except that they fully realize in martial bearing and soldierly appearance all that has been said concerning them.

From the Home Journal.

THE PUTNAM PHALANX.—This fine battalion passed through this city last week, and was universally admired. Each member in his cocked hat and continental uniform, looked as though he had just marched out from one of the old pictures of the revolutionary war. "This fine corps of citizen soldiers is worthy of the bard who chronicled their deservings in the last number of the Home Journal, and this is saying a great deal for it," remarks a facetious friend at our elbow. We think so, too.—*Home Journal.*

General Morris is a military man, and a Poet.

From the Alexandria Gazette and Virginia Advertiser.

THE PUTNAM PHALANX AT MOUNT VERNON.—The Putnam Phalanx, now on a visit to the Federal metropolis, made a most interesting pilgrimage to Mount Vernon yesterday.

Upon landing, the two companies formed into line and marched to "the

grave of Washington," around which they gathered, while the Marine Band played the solemn "Miserere" from "Trovatore."

Rev. Mr. Moore then addressed the Throne of Grace in a fervent, patriotic and appropriate prayer.

Mr. Stuart, Judge Advocate, then addressed the assemblage in an eloquent and thrilling speech, which produced a marked effect upon the crowd.

D. P. Tyler, Esq., followed in an address of considerable power and beauty, at the conclusion of which he deposited upon the Sarcophagus which contains the remains of the Father of his country, a bouquet plucked by a lady on the banks of the Delaware.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the members of the corps visited the house and grounds, and having spent some time in this manner re-embarked on the steamer and returned to Washington.

From the New York Herald.

The visit of the Putnam Phalanx to the Tomb of Washington was the only feature of interest to-day. They were accompanied by the Marine Band, and the speeches at the Tomb made by Capt. Stuart and Daniel P. Tyler, whose grandsire fought by the side of Washington, were eloquent. A poem by Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, written for the express occasion, was read by Capt. Stuart, after the delivery of his remarks, which were of the most interesting and eloquent character, more so, as we are informed, than those that ever before attended a similar ceremony. The scene at the Tomb was impressive and solemn in the extreme, and drew tears from the eyes of many.

The Phalanx were loaded with trophies by Captain Samuel Powers, of the Washington Light Infantry, and the master of ceremonies, Major Ned Towers.

The ball at the Assembly Rooms was fully and elegantly attended. It was a success, and but for the inter-State troubles, would have been a universally joyous affair.

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